

whose private apartments, together with those of her maidens, were exactly opposite their own, on the farther side of a narrow court yard which divided one section of the great palace from another. Accordingly, having armed himself with a native sither, on which, being an adept with the light guitar, he had easily learned to strum, he proceeded at midnight—the fashionable hour for this sort of entertaining—to make his bow with his amorous yells. It was fast asleep when they began, but they soon woke up—for Grod possesses a tremendous voice and has no notion of time—and ran to my window place to see what was the matter. And there, standing in the full moonlight in the court yard, I perceived Good, adorned with an enormous ostrich feather headdress and a flowing silken cloak, which it is the right thing to wear upon these occasions, and shouting out the abominable song which he and the old gentleman had evolved, to a jerky, jingling accompaniment. From the direction of the quarters of the maids of honor came a succession of faint giggles; but the apartments of Sorais herself—whom I devoutly pitied if she happened to be there—were silent as the grave. There was absolutely no end to that awful song, with its eternal "I will kiss thee!" and at last neither I nor Sir Henry, whom I had summoned to enjoy the sight, could stand it any longer; so, remembering the dear old story, I put my head to the window opening and called, "For Heaven's sake, Good, don't go on talking about it, but kiss her and let's all go to sleep!" That shocked him off, and we had no more serenading.

The whole thing formed a laughable incident in a tragic business.

Well, the more Sir Henry held off the more Sorais came on, as is not uncommon in such cases, till at last things got very queer indeed. Evidently she was by some strange perversity of mind, quite blinded to the true state of the case; and I, for one, greatly dreaded the moment of her awakening. Sorais was a dangerous woman to be mixed up with, either with or without one's own consent. At last the evil moment came, as I saw it must come. One fine day, Good having gone out hawking, Sir Henry and I were sitting quietly talking over the situation, especially with reference to Sorais, when a court messenger arrived with a written note, which we with some difficulty deciphered, and which was to the effect that "the Queen Sorais commanded the attendance of the Lord Incubus in her private apartments, whither he would be conducted by the bearer."

"On my word!" groaned Sir Henry. "Can't you go instead, old fellow?"

"Not if I know it," I said with vigor. "I rather face a wounded elephant with a shot gun. Wash up your own dirty dishes, my boy. If you will be so fascinating you must take the consequences. Ah! you just in for it now, that's all!"

"You remind me of when I was going to be flogged at school and the other boys came to console me," he said gloomily. "What right has this confounded queen to command my attendance, I should like to know! I won't go."

"But you must; you are one of her officers and bound to obey her, and she knows it. And after all it will soon be over."

"That's just what they used to say," he said again. "I only hope she won't put a knife into me. I believe that she is quite capable of it." And off he started very faintheartedly, and no wonder.

I said and waited, and at the end of about forty-five minutes he returned, looking a good deal worse than when he went.

"Give me something to drink," he said hoarsely.

I got him a cup of wine, and asked what was the matter.

"What's the matter? Why, if ever there was trouble there's trouble now. You know when I left you? Well, I was shown straight to Sorais' private chamber, and a wonderful place it is; and there she sat, quite alone, upon a silken couch at the end of the room, playing gently upon that sither of hers. I stood before her, and for a while she took no notice of me, but kept on playing and singing a little, and very sweet music it was. At last she looked up and smiled.

"So then art come?" she said. "I thought that perchance thou hadst gone about the Queen Nyleptha's business. Thou art ever on her business, and I doubt not a good servant and a true."

"To this I merely bowed and said I was here to receive the queen's word."

"Ah, yes, I would talk with thee, but be thou seated. I cannot lift my neck so high, and she made room for me beside her on the couch, placing herself with her back against the end, so as to have a view of my face.

"It is not meet," I said, "that I should make myself equal with the queen."

"I said she seated, was her answer; so I sat down, and she set to work to look at me with those dark eyes of hers. There she sat, like an incarnate spirit of beauty, hardly talking at all, and when she did, very low, but all the while looking at me. There was a white lower in her black hair, and I tried to keep my eyes on it and count the petals, but it was of no use. At last, whether it was her gaze, or the perfume on her hair, or what I do not know, but I began to feel as though I was being mesmerized. At last she roused herself.

"Incubus," she said, "lovest thou power?"

"I replied that I supposed all men loved power of one sort or another."

"Thou shalt have it," she said. "Lovest thou wealth?"

"I said I liked wealth for what it brought."

"Thou shalt have it," she said. "Lovest thou beauty?"

"To this I replied that I was very fond of tawdry and architecture, or something of that sort, at which she frowned, and there was a pause. By this time my nerves were in such a stretch that I was shaking like a leaf. I knew that something awful was going to happen, but she held me under a kind of spell, and I could not help myself.

"Incubus," she said at length, "wouldst thou be a king? Listen, wouldst thou be a king? Behold, stranger, I am minded to make thee king of all Zu-Vendia and husband of Sorais of the Night. Nay, peace, and hear me. No man among my people had I thus opened up my secret heart, but thou art an outsider, and therefore do I speak without heed, knowing all I have to offer and how hard it had been to thee to ask. So, a crown set at thy feet, my lord Incubus, and with that fortune a woman whom some have wished to woo. Now mayst thou answer?"

"Oh, Sorais," I said, "pray do not speak thus—you see I had not time to pick and choose my words—because you are putting me both in an awkward position. I am going to marry your sister Nyleptha, Sorais, and I love her."

"Next moment it struck me that I had said a awful thing, and I looked up to see the results. When I spoke, Sorais' face was hidden in her hands, and as my words reached her she slowly raised it, and I shrank back in dismay. It was ashy white, and her eyes were flaming. She got on to her feet and seemed to be choking, but the awful thing was that she was so quiet about it all. Once she looked at a side table on which lay a dagger, and from it to me, as though she thought of killing me; but she did not take it up. At last she spoke one word, and one only—

"And I want, and glad enough I was to get out of it, and here I am. Give me another

cup of wine, there's a good fellow, and tell me what is to be done."

I shook my head, for the affair was indeed serious. As one of the poets says,

Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned, more especially if the woman is a queen, and a Sorais, and indeed I feared the very worst, including imminent danger to ourselves.

"Nyleptha must be told of all this at once," I said, "and perhaps I had better tell her; she might receive your account with suspicion. Who is captain of her guard tonight?"

"Good."

"Very well, then, there will be no chance of her being got at. Don't look surprised. I don't think that her sister would stick at that. I suppose one must tell Good of what has happened."

"Oh, I don't know," said Sir Henry. "It would hurt his feelings, poor fellow! You see, he takes a lively personal interest in Sorais."

"That's true; and after all perhaps there is no need to tell him. He will find out the truth soon enough. Now, you mark my words: Sorais will throw in her lot with Nasta, who is sulking up in the north there, and there will be such a war as has not been known in Zu-Vendia for centuries. Look there!" and I pointed to two court messengers who were speeding away from the door of Sorais' private apartments. "Now follow me," and I ran up a stairway into an outlook tower that rose from the roof of our quarters, taking the spy glass with me, and looked out over the palace wall. The first thing we saw was one of the messengers speeding towards the temple, bearing, without doubt, the queen's word to the High Priest Agon, but for the other I searched in vain. Presently, however, I spied a horseman rushing furiously through the northern gate of the city, and in him I recognized the other messenger.

"Ah!" I said, "Sorais is a woman of spirit. She is acting at once, and will strike quick and hard. You have insulted her, my boy, and blood will flow in rivers before the stain is washed away, and yours with it if she can get hold of you. Well, I'm off to Nyleptha. Just stop where you are, old fellow, and try to get your nerves straight again. You'll need them all, I can tell you, unless I have observed human nature in the rough for fifty years for nothing." And off I went accordingly.

I gained audience of the queen without trouble. She was expecting Curtis, and was not best pleased to see my mahogany colored face instead.

"Is there aught wrong with my lord, Macumazah, that he waits not upon me? Say, is he sick?"

I said that he was well enough, and then, without further ado, I plunged into my story and told it from beginning to end. Oh, what a rage she flew into! It was a sight to see her, she looked so lovely.

"How darest thou come to me with such a tale!" she cried. "It is a lie to say that my lord was making love to Sorais, my sister."

"Fardon me, O queen," I answered; "I said that Sorais was making love to your lord."

"Spin me no spiders' webs of words. Is not the thing the same thing? The one gives, the other takes; but the gift passes, and what matters it, which is the most guilty? Sorais—oh, I hate her!—Sorais is a queen and my sister. She had not stooped so low had he not shown the way. Oh, truly, both the poet said that man is like a snake, whom to touch is poison, and whom none can hold."

"The remark, O queen, is excellent, but methinks thou hast misread the poet. Nyleptha," I went on, "thou knowest well that thy words are empty foolishness—that this is no time for folly."

"How darest thou?" she broke in, stamping her foot. "Has my false lord sent thee to me to insult me also? Who art thou, stranger, thou shouldst speak to me, the queen, after this sort! How darest thou?"

"Yes, I dare. Listen. The moments which thou dost waste in idle anger may well cost thee thy crown and all of us our lives. Already Sorais' horsemen go forth and call to arms. In three days' time Nasta will rouse himself in his fastnesses like a lion in the evening, and his growling will be heard throughout the north. 'The Lady of the Night' (Sorais) hath a sweet voice, and she will not sing in vain. Her banner will be borne from range to range and valley to valley, and warriors will spring up in its track like dust beneath a whirlwind; half the army will echo her war cry; and in every town and hamlet of this wide land the priests will call out against the foreigner, and will preach her cause as holy. I have spoken, O queen."

Nyleptha was quite calm now; her jealous anger had passed; and putting off the character of a lovely, headstrong lady, she, with a rapidity and completeness that distinguished her, put on that of a queen and a woman of business. The transformation was sudden but entire.

"Thy words are very wise, Macumazah. Forgive me my folly. Ah, what a queen I should be if only I had no heart! To be heartless—that is to conquer all. Passion is like the lightning; it is beautiful, and it links the earth to heaven, but alas, it blinds!"

"And thou thinkest that my sister Sorais would levy war upon me. So be it. She shall not prevail against me. I, too, have my friends and my retainers. There are many, I say, who will s'out 'Nyleptha' when my pennon runs up on peak and pinnacle, and the light of my watch fires leaps to-night from crag to crag bearing the message of my war. I will break her strength and scatter her armies. Eternal night shall be the portion of the 'Lady of the Night.' Give me that parchment and the ink. So, now summon me the officer in the ante room. He is a trusty man."

I did as I was bid, and the man, a veteran and quiet looking gentleman of the guard, named Kara, entered, bowing low.

"Take this parchment," said Nyleptha; "it is thy warrant, and guard every place of it and our going in the apartments of my sister Sorais, 'Lady of the Night,' and a queen of the Zu-Vendi. Let none come in and none go out, or thy life shall pay the cost."

The man looked startled, but he merely said, "The queen's word shall be done," and departed. Then Nyleptha sent a messenger to Sir Henry, and presently he arrived, looking uncommonly uncomfortable. I thought that another outburst was about to follow, but wonderful are the ways of women. She said not a word about Sorais and his supposed inconstancy, greeting him with a friendly nod and seating simply that she required his advice upon high matters. All the same there was a look in her eye, and a sort of suppressed energy in her manner toward him that made me think she had not forgotten the affair, but was keeping it for a private occasion.

Just after Curtis arrived the officer returned, and reported that Sorais was gone. The bird had flown to the temple, stating that she was going, as was sometimes the custom among Zu-Vendi ladies of rank, to spend the night in meditation before the altar. We looked at each other significantly. The blow had fallen very soon.

Then we set to work.

Generals who could be trusted were summoned from their quarters, and as much of the state affairs as was thought desirable was told to each, strict injunctions being given to them to get all their available forces together. The same was done with such of the more powerful lords as Nyleptha knew she could rely on, several of whom left that very day for distant parts of the country to gather up

their tribesmen and retainers. Rebel orders were dispatched to the rulers of far off cities, and some twenty messengers were sent off before daylight with instructions to ride early and late till they reached the distant chiefs to whom their letters were addressed; also many spies were set to work. All the afternoon and evening we labored, assisted by some confidential scribes, Nyleptha showing an energy and resource of mind that astonished me, and it was 8 o'clock before we got back to our quarters. Here we heard from Alphonse, who was deeply aggrieved because our non-return had spoiled his dinner (for he had turned cook again now), that Good had come back from his hawking and gone on duty. As instructions had already been given to the officer of the outer guard to double the sentries at the gate, and as we had no reason to fear any immediate danger, we did not think it worth while to hunt him up and tell him anything of what had passed, which at best was, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, one of those tasks one prefers to postpone; so, after allowing our food, we turned in to get some much needed rest. Before we did so, however, it occurred to Curtis to tell old Unslapogans to keep a lookout in the neighborhood of Nyleptha's private apartments. Unslapogans was row well known about the place, and by the queen's order allowed to pass whither he would by the guard, a permission of which he often availed himself by roaming about the palace during the still hours in a nocturnal fashion that he favored, and which is by no means uncommon among black men generally. His presence in the corridors would not, therefore, be likely to excite remark. Without any comment the Zulu took up his ax and departed, and we also departed to bed.

I seemed to have been asleep but a few minutes when I was awakened by a peculiar sensation of uneasiness. I felt that somebody was in the room and looking at me, and instantly sat up, to see to my surprise that it was already dawn, and that there, standing at the foot of my couch, and looking peculiarly grim and gaunt in the gray light, was Unslapogans himself.

"How long hast thou been there?" I asked, testily, for it is not pleasant to be aroused in such a fashion.

"Maybe the half of an hour, Macumazah. I have a word for thee."

"Speak on," I said, now wide awake.

"As I was bid, I went last night to the place of the White Queen, and hid myself behind a pillar in the second anteroom, beyond which is the sleeping place of the queen. Bougwau (Good) was in the first anteroom alone, and outside the curtain of that room was a sentry; but I had a mind to see if I could pass in unseen, and I did, gliding behind them both. There I waited for many hours, when suddenly I perceived a dark figure coming secretly toward me. It was the figure of a woman, and in her hand she held a dagger. Behind that figure crept another, unseen by the woman. It was Bougwau following in her tracks. His shoes were off, and for so fat a man he followed very well. The woman passed me, and the starlight shone upon her face."

(To be Continued.)

THE losses by Dreisback, the Napoleon of California finances foot up the neat little sum of \$9,900,000, lost by gambling on wheat. If the loss fell upon the gambler, all would be well, but unfortunately other people will be the sufferers.

I Told You so.

Mr. E. A. Ireland, of Breen, Phillips & Co., Nashville, Tenn., says: "I was afflicted with Piles for twenty years, and I tried every remedy offered me; finally used the Ethiopian Pile Ointment. It gave me instant relief, and has effected a permanent cure." Sold by Owen & Moore, Druggists, Clarksville, Tenn. oct-18m

MR. PETER PETREE, a brother of Judge R. T. Petree, died at his home near Montgomery, Ky., last Thursday, in the 70th year of his age. His remains were taken to Todd county for interment, yesterday.—Soci-Kentuckian.

KENTUCKY is to have a grand Industrial and Commercial Conference at Louisville on the 4th of October.

JAKE SHARP'S conviction has been affirmed and he will be sent to Sing Sing N. Y. Penitentiary immediately.

**FAITH CURE FAIRLY BEATEN.**  
Chaplain Hall writes the Following Remarkable Letter.  
From the Albany N. Y. Express.

For many years my wife had been the victim of nervous dyspepsia, of the chronic, distressing and apparently incurable type from which so many of her sex suffer, languish and die. It was all the worse because the tendency to it was inherited. She had been under the systematic treatment of many of the best physicians in New York and Brooklyn and elsewhere for twenty years with only temporary relief. In fact, there were few, if any, kinds of food that did not distress her, so diseased, sensitive and torpid were all the organs of digestion. The usual symptoms of dyspepsia, with its concomitant ailments, were all present—bad taste in the mouth, dull eyes, cold feet and hands, the sense of a load upon the stomach, tenderness on pressure, indigestion, giddiness, great weakness and prostration, and fugitive pains in the sides, chest and back. I have often risen in the night and administered stimulants merely for the sake of the slight and transient relief they gave.

Intermittent malarial fever set in, complicating the case and making every symptom more pronounced and intense. By this time the pneumogastric nerves had become very seriously involved, and she had chronic Gastritis, and also what I may be allowed to call chronic intermittent malarial fever all at once. For the latter the physicians prescribed the good, old-fashioned, sheet-anchor remedy, Quinine gradually increasing the doses, until—increasing as it may seem—she actually took THIRTY GRAINS A DAY FOR DAYS IN SUCCESSION. This could not last. The effect of the quinine was, if possible, almost as bad as the two-fold disease which was wearing away her strength and her life. Quinine poisoning was painfully evident, but the fever was there still. Almost every day there came on the characteristic chill and racking headache, followed by the usual weakness and collapse.

About this time I met socially my friend Mr. Norton, a member of the firm of Chauncey Titus & Company, brokers, of Albany, who, on hearing from me these facts, said: "Why, I have been through almost the same thing, and have got over it." "What cured you?" I asked eagerly. "Kaskine," he said, "try it for your wife." I had seen Kaskine advertised, but had no more faith in it than I had in sawdust, for such a case as hers. Mrs. Hall had no higher opinion, yet on the strength of my friend's recommendation I got a bottle and began its use as directed.

Now recall what I have already said as to her then condition, and then read what follows: Under the Kaskine treatment all the dyspeptic symptoms showed instant improvement, and the daily fever grew less and soon ceased altogether. Side by side these diseases vanished, as side by side they had tortured their victim for ten years—the dyspepsia alone having, as I have said, existed for twenty years. Her appetite improved from week to week until she could eat and digest the average food that any well person takes, without any suffering or inconvenience. With renewed assimilation of food came, of course, a steady increase in flesh, until she now looks like her original self.

She still takes Kaskine occasionally, but with no real need of it, for she is well. I consider this result a scientific miracle, and the "New Quinine" is entitled to the credit of it, for from the time she began with Kaskine she used no other medicine whatever.

If you think a recital of these facts calculated to do good you are welcome to make them public.

(Rev.) JAS. L. HALL,  
Chaplain Albany, N. Y., Penitentiary.

P. S.—Sometimes letters of this kind are published without authority, and in case any one is inclined to question the genuineness of the above statement I will cheerfully reply to any communications addressed to me at the Penitentiary.

JAS. L. HALL.

Other letters of a similar character from prominent individuals, which stamp Kaskine as a remedy of undoubted merit, will be sent on application. Price \$1.00, or six bottles, \$5.00. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

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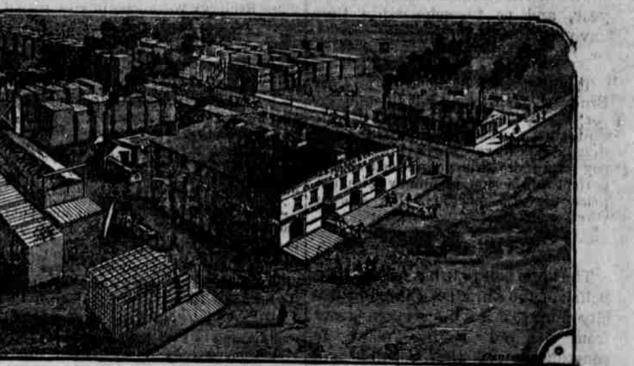
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